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Franklin Roosevelt – Arsenal of Democracy Speech

12. 29. 1940

My friends:

This is not a fireside chat on war. It is a talk on national security; because the nub of the whole purpose of your President is to keep you now, and your children later, and your grandchildren much later, out of a last-ditch war for the preservation of American independence, and all of the things that American independence means to you and to me and to ours.

Tonight, in the presence of a world crisis, my mind goes back eight years to a night in the midst of a domestic crisis. It was a time when the wheels of American industry were grinding to a full stop, when the whole banking system of our country had ceased to function. I well remember that while I sat in my study in the White House, preparing to talk with the people of the United States, I had before my eyes the picture of all those Americans with whom I was talking. I saw the workmen in the mills, the mines, the factories, the girl behind the counter, the small shopkeeper, the farmer doing his Spring plowing, the widows and the old men wondering about their life's savings. I tried to convey to the great mass of American people what the banking crisis meant to them in their daily lives.

Tonight, I want to do the same thing, with the same people, in this new crisis which faces America. We met the issue of 1933 with courage and realism. We face this new crisis, this new threat to the security of our nation, with the same courage and realism. Never before since Jamestown and Plymouth Rock has our American civilization been in such danger as now. For on September 27th, 1940 -- this year -- by an agreement signed in Berlin, three powerful nations, two in Europe and one in Asia, joined themselves together in the threat that if the United States of America interfered with or blocked the expansion program of these three nations -- a program aimed at world control -- they would unite in ultimate action against the United States. ...

At this moment the forces of the States that are leagued against all peoples who live in freedom are being held away from our shores. The Germans and the Italians are being blocked on the other side of the Atlantic by the British and by the Greeks, and by thousands of soldiers and sailors who were able to escape from subjugated countries. In Asia the Japanese are being engaged by the Chinese nation in another great defense. In the Pacific Ocean is our fleet.

Does anyone seriously believe that we need to fear attack anywhere in the Americas while a free Britain remains our most powerful naval neighbor in the Atlantic? And does anyone seriously believe, on the other hand, that we could rest easy if the Axis powers were our neighbors there? If Great Britain goes down, the Axis powers will control the Continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, Austral-Asia, and the high seas. And they will be in a position to bring enormous military and naval resources against this hemisphere. It is no exaggeration to say that all of us in all the Americas would be living at the point of a gun -- a gun loaded with explosive bullets, economic as well as military. We should enter upon a new and terrible era in which the whole world, our hemisphere included, would be run by threats of brute force. And to survive in such a world, we would have to convert ourselves permanently into a militaristic power on the basis of war economy. ...

There are those who say that the Axis powers would never have any desire to attack the Western Hemisphere. That is the same dangerous form of wishful thinking which has destroyed the powers of resistance of so many conquered peoples. The plain facts are that the Nazis have proclaimed, time and again, that all other races are their inferiors and therefore subject to their orders. And most important of all, the vast resources and wealth of this American hemisphere constitute the most tempting loot in all of the round world. ...

But all of our present efforts are not enough. We must have more ships, more guns, more planes -- more of everything. And this can be accomplished only if we discard the notion of "business as usual." This job cannot be done merely by superimposing on the existing productive facilities the added requirements of the nation for defense. Our defense efforts must not be blocked by those who fear the future consequences of surplus plant capacity. The possible consequences of failure of our defense efforts now are much more to be feared. And after the present needs of our defense are past, a proper handling of the country's peacetime needs will require all of the new productive capacity, if not still more. No pessimistic policy about the future of America shall delay the immediate expansion of those industries essential to defense. We need them.

I want to make it clear that it is the purpose of the nation to build now with all possible speed every machine, every arsenal, every factory that we need to manufacture our defense material. We have the men, the skill, the wealth, and above all, the will. I am confident that if and when production of consumer or luxury goods in certain industries requires the use of machines and raw materials that are essential for defense purposes, then such production must yield, and will gladly yield, to our primary and compelling purpose.

So I appeal to the owners of plants, to the managers, to the workers, to our own government employees to put every ounce of effort into producing these munitions swiftly and without stint. With this appeal I give you the pledge that all of us who are officers of your government will devote ourselves to the same whole-hearted extent to the great task that lies ahead. ...

We must be the great arsenal of democracy.

For us this is an emergency as serious as war itself. We must apply ourselves to our task with the same resolution, the same sense of urgency, the same spirit of patriotism and sacrifice as we would show were we at war.

We have no excuse for defeatism. We have every good reason for hope -- hope for peace, yes, and hope for the defense of our civilization and for the building of a better civilization in the future. I have the profound conviction that the American people are now determined to put forth a mightier effort than they have ever yet made to increase our production of all the implements of defense, to meet the threat to our democratic faith.

As President of the United States, I call for that national effort. I call for it in the name of this nation which we love and honor and which we are privileged and proud to serve. I call upon our people with absolute confidence that our common cause will greatly succeed.

Excerpts from FDR's Four Freedoms Speech to Congress:

1.6.1941

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression -- everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way -- everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want -- which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants -- everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear -- which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor-- anywhere in the world.

That is no vision of a distant millennium. It is a definite basis for a kind of world attainable in our own time and generation. That kind of world is the very antithesis of the so-called new order of tyranny which the dictators seek to create with the crash of a bomb.

To that new order we oppose the greater conception -- the moral order. A good society is able to face schemes of world domination and foreign revolutions alike without fear.

Since the beginning of our American history, we have been engaged in change -- in a perpetual peaceful revolution -- a revolution which goes on steadily, quietly adjusting itself to changing conditions -- without the concentration camp or the quick-lime in the ditch. The world order which we seek is the cooperation of free countries, working together in a friendly, civilized society.

This nation has placed its destiny in the hands and heads and hearts of its millions of free men and women; and its faith in freedom under the guidance of God. Freedom means the supremacy of human rights everywhere. Our support goes to those who struggle to gain those rights or keep them. Our strength is our unity of purpose.

To that high concept there can be no end save victory.

From *Congressional Record*, 1941, Vol. 87, Pt. I.

"A Date Which Will Live in Infamy": FDR Asks for a Declaration of War

12.8.1941

President Franklin D. Roosevelt: Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of American was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that nation, and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with its government and its emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific. Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in the American island of Oahu, the Japanese ambassador to the United States and his colleague delivered to our secretary of state a formal reply to a recent American message. While this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or armed attack.

It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days or even weeks ago. During the intervening time the Japanese government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace.

The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. I regret to tell you that very many American lives have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Yesterday the Japanese government also launched as attack against Malaya.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam.

Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Wake Island.

And this morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

Japan has, therefore, undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday and today speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation.

As commander in chief of the Army and Navy I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense. But always will our whole nation remember the character of the onslaught against us. . .

<http://historymatters.gmu.edu/d/5166/>

In his White House remarks that day, Dole was particularly eloquent. He said, "I've seen American soldiers bring hope and leave graves in every corner of the world. I've seen this nation overcome Depression and segregation and communism, turning back mortal threats to human freedom."

He was describing his own life and the monumental legacy of his generation in a few well-crafted words. It was just a moment in the life of this complicated man from the Kansas prairie, his right arm dangling at his side, those dark and flashing eyes filled with emotion, but it was a moment to savor, for it represented the many sides of Bob Dole. Public servant, wounded veteran, proud patriot, elder statesman.

Dole, now in his sunset years, misses the action of the Senate, the urgency of public discourse and political maneuvering on the critical issues of the day, but he's found a new calling in his determination to get the World War II memorial finished. He lives by the lessons he learned when he was bitter and recovering from his combat wounds. "For a while," he says, "I subtracted five years from my life, but I caught up. People move on. That's the way it is in America. Don't just dwell on the past. Gotta look ahead."

DANIEL INOUYE

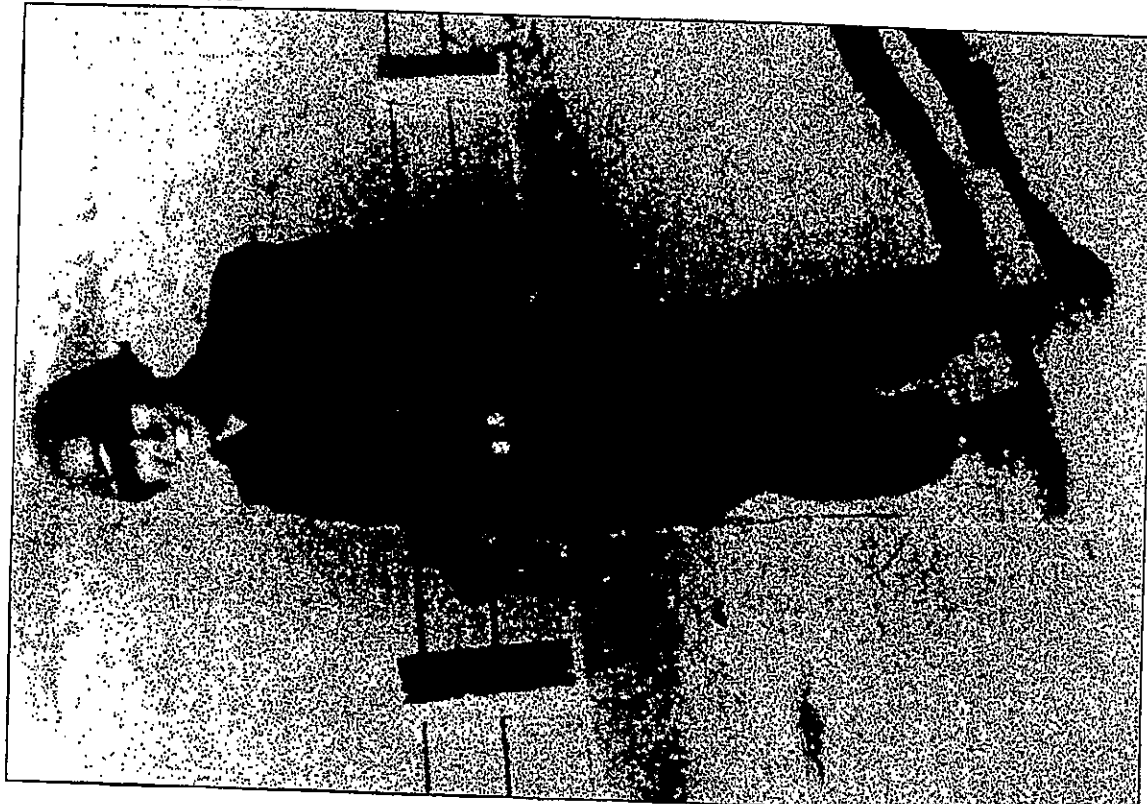
"The one time the nation got together was World War II. We stood as one. We spoke as one. We clenched our fists as one."

WHEN BOB DOLE of Russell, Kansas, got to know Danny Inouye of Honolulu in that rehabilitation hospital in Michigan after the war, they had a good deal in common for two young men from such distinctly different backgrounds. Both were trying to learn to live without the use of an arm as a result of combat wounds suffered as Army lieutenants in the mountains of Italy. As a result of their injuries, both were forced to give up dreams of becoming physicians after the war. They also shared a direct style of dealing with people and an ironic sense of humor.

However, Inouye's route to that hospital took a few turns not imposed on the young man from Kansas. Inouye was a Japanese American, raised in Hawaii and named after the Methodist minister who had raised his orphaned mother. On December 7, 1941, Inouye, who was just seventeen, was preparing to attend church when he heard a hysterical local radio announcer exclaim that Pearl Harbor had been attacked.

He rushed outside the family home in Honolulu. In the distance he could see great volumes of smoke. "Then," he remembers, "three planes flew over. They were gray with large red dots. The world came to an end for me. I was old enough to know nothing would be the same." The land of his ancestors, the nation his grandfather had revered, had attacked the United States and, by extension, Danny Inouye, U.S. citizen.

COURTESY DANIEL INOUE



Daniel Inouye, wartime portrait

Young Inouye was enrolled in a Red Cross first-aid training program at the time, so he went directly to the harbor and began helping with the hundreds of casualties. In effect, he was in the war from the opening moments. He stayed on duty at the Red Cross medical aid facility for the next seven days.

In March 1942, the U.S. military repaid Inouye by declaring that all young men of Japanese ancestry would be designated 4-C, which meant "enemy alien," unfit for service. Inouye says, "That really hit me. I considered myself patriotic, and to be told you could not put on a uniform, that was an insult. Thousands of us signed petitions, asking to be able to enlist."

The Army decided to form an all-Japanese American unit, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. Its shoulder patch was a coffin with a torch of liberty inside. The motto was "Go for Broke." Before the war was over, the 442nd and its units would become the most heavily decorated single combat unit of its size in U.S. Army history: 8 Presidential Distinguished Unit Citations and 18,143 individual decorations including one Medal of Honor, 52 Distinguished Service Crosses, 560 Silver Stars and 28 Oak Leaf Clusters in lieu of a second Silver Star, 4,000 Bronze Stars and 1,200 Oak Leaf Clusters representing a second Bronze Star, and at least 9,486 Purple Hearts.

The regiment trained at Camp Shelby in Mississippi, and Inouye remembers that he and the other Nisei (second-generation Japanese American) soldiers didn't know what to expect. "We'd only heard about the lynchings," he says, "but to our surprise these people were very good to us. We were invited to weekend parties and picnics, and for the first time in my life I danced with a white girl."

Back at the base, Inouye says, other troops were not as welcoming, but "the problems were minimal because they could see we had a whole regiment!" Besides, the treatment by Mississippi civilians, the famed Southern hospitality, gave the young men of the 442nd new confidence after their original classification as "enemy aliens."

Inouye's experience in Mississippi was a reflection of the racial schizophrenia loose in America. The Magnolia State was the epicenter of discrimination against black citizens, treating them as little more than paid slaves, and yet it made the extra effort for

Japanese American soldiers at the same time the U.S. government was shipping their families off to internment camps.

Inouye and his buddies went from Mississippi directly into combat with the 5th Army in Italy. They were out to prove something. "I felt that there was a need for us to demonstrate that we were just as good as anybody else," he says. "The price was bloody and expensive, but I felt we succeeded."

After three months of heavy fighting in Italy, during which Inouye was promoted to sergeant for his outstanding traits as a patrol leader, the 442nd was called upon to perform one of the legendary feats of the war: rescue 140 members of a Texas outfit that had been caught in a German trap in the French Vosges Mountains. Another Texas division had tried and failed to get their fellow Lone Star Staters out, so the 442nd was sent in.

Inouye remembers, "We only had two thirds of our regiment after the Italian campaign. We had to fight hard for four straight days. We knew this was the test. We knew we were expendable. We knew it would have been unheard of to call on another regiment to rescue us. They were asking these brown soldiers to rescue these tall Texans. Our casualties exceeded eight hundred, but we rescued them."

Inouye's role was so impressive that he was awarded the Bronze Star and won a battlefield commission as a second lieutenant. The 442nd also won the admiration of commanders throughout the Army. "After that," Inouye says, "we were in demand."

They were sent back to Italy to continue the long, bloody battle for control of southern Europe. In the Po Valley, Lieutenant Inouye was leading an assault against heavily fortified German positions in the mountains when he was hit by a bullet that went through his abdomen and exited his back, barely missing his spine. He continued to charge, gravely wounded, making a one-man assault on a machine-gun nest that had his men pinned down. He threw two grenades before the Germans hit him with a rifle-launched grenade. His right arm was shattered. He pried a third grenade from his right hand and threw it with his left. He continued to fire with his automatic weapon, covering the withdrawal of his men. Finally, he was knocked out of action by another bullet in the leg, but by then the German position was



COURTESY DANIEL INOUE

Daniel Inouye, senatorial portrait

neutralized. Twenty-five Germans were dead, and Inouye took
eight as prisoners of war.

Inouye was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his gal-
antry, and many believe that if he had not been a Japanese Amer-
ican he would have won the Medal of Honor. He was shipped back
to the United States to begin treatment for his extensive injuries,
and it was in the hospital that he met Bob Dole.

As the two became friends, Dole often talked about getting a law
degree and going into politics back home in Kansas, maybe run-
ning for Congress. Inouye thought that wasn't a bad plan for the
future and began to think about law school and politics as a possi-
ble career for himself.

He spent twenty months in hospitals before his discharge as a
captain. On a layover in Oakland, California, on his way back to
Hawaii, he decided he wanted to get, as he puts it, "all gussied up
, when I got home Mama and Papa would see me in all my glory.
I went into an Oakland barbershop—four empty chairs—and a
barber comes up to me and wants to know if I'm Japanese. Keep
in mind I'm in uniform with my medals and ribbons and a hook
in my arm. I said, 'Well, my father was born in Japan.' The barber
plied, 'We don't cut Jap hair.' I was tempted to slash him with my
hook, but then I thought about all the work the 442nd had done
and I just said, 'I feel sorry for you,' and walked out. I went home
without a haircut."

Remembering the plans of his friend from Kansas, Inouye uti-
lized the GI Bill to get a law degree from George Washington Uni-
versity. He returned to Hawaii and became active in local politics,
serving as a prosecutor and in the territorial legislature before
Hawaii became a state.

When Hawaii was admitted to the Union, Danny Inouye was a
natural choice to become the state's first congressman, and he was
elected overwhelmingly. It was an arresting moment in the well of
the House of Representatives when Sam Rayburn, the larger-than-
life Speaker, intoned, "Raise your right hand and repeat after
me..." Of course, the new congressman from Hawaii had no
choice. Danny Inouye raised his left and took the oath of of-
fice, the first U.S. representative from his state and the first Japa-
nese American in Congress. As another congressman said later, "At

GI Bill

that moment, a ton of prejudice slipped quietly to the floor of the
House of Representatives."

After just one term in the House, Inouye was elected to the Sen-
ate in 1962, and he's been successfully reelected six times. He's
highly regarded on both sides of the aisle for his middle-of-the-road
Democratic party principles and his measured, almost stately style.
When a *Washington Post* reporter asked him how he reconciled his
laid-back demeanor as a senator with his record as a fearless, hard-
charging member of the 442nd, he answered with a shrug and a
laugh: "I was young. I was eighteen, first time leaving Mama. I had
no strings, no sweetheart."

Inouye's reputation for fairness has served him well on the Sen-
ate Watergate Committee investigating the Nixon White House
and as chairman of the Senate committee that investigated the
Iran-*contra* scandal during the Ronald Reagan administration.
Former senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, a Republican and
not an easy judge of other public figures, has said simply, "There is
no finer man in the Senate."

Inouye also knows how to make a point. He was a lead sponsor
of the bill to get reparations for the Japanese American families in-
terned during the war, and there were very few senators who could
look at this quiet man with the Japanese surname, valorous mili-
tary record, and empty right sleeve and vote no.

On another occasion, the Senate was considering a bill to place
a limit of \$25,000 on rewards "for pain and suffering" in product li-
ability suits. It was a hot issue in the Senate Commerce Commit-
tee, where Republicans were determined to rein in corporate
exposure in lawsuits. Then Senator Inouye spoke up, saying, "It's
easy for those who have not been the victims to set the caps." End
of argument. End of bill.

Daniel Inouye, "Danny" to all his fellow senators and his friends,
has just finished his sixth term as a U.S. senator. In September
1998, he turned seventy-four. He was a teenager when he saw
those Japanese planes, "with pilots that looked like me," and knew
that his world was changed forever. What he did not know at the
time was how much he would shape the new world through his
bravery and his commitment to public service and the end of dis-
crimination.

MARY LOUISE ROBERTS WILSON

"I don't much like tents anymore."

THERE ARE SO MANY impressive numbers connected to World War II that it's difficult for one or two to catch your eye. Here are a few that caught me by surprise: more than sixty thousand women served in the Army Nurse Corps. Sixteen died as a result of enemy action. Sixty-seven nurses were taken prisoner of war. More than sixteen hundred were decorated for bravery under fire or for meritorious service.

One of them was Mary Louise Roberts, who was a long way from her Mississippi childhood the day German shells started ripping through the operating tent on the Anzio beachhead in Italy where she was working to save young American lives. But then her life never had been easy.

Mary Louise had just graduated from high school in 1930 when her father died, leaving behind Mary Louise, her five younger siblings, and their thirty-four-year-old mother. The Depression was setting in and the Roberts family had no money, so the family moved from Texas back to Mississippi to be near their grandparents. Mary Louise, a precocious child, graduated from high school early and went to work in a laundry. When the owners discovered she was just sixteen, however, they let her go. The family couldn't lose the income, so her mother took the job and Mary Louise stayed at home to care for her brothers and sisters.

Women's service stars

COURTESY MARY ROBERTS WILSON



Mary Louise Roberts (left) and fellow nurses, Anzio, 1944

Two years later, Mary Louise entered the nurse's training program at Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama. "I really wanted to do something to help my family," she says. "I didn't have any aspirations to be a nurse—I just needed to make a living for my family." She was just eighteen.

After graduating, Mary Louise worked at several hospitals in the South before landing a job at Dallas's big Methodist Hospital. After a year she was promoted to operating room supervisor. It was 1941. By then one of her brothers was in the military and two of her siblings had died from childhood diseases. She invited her remaining family—her mother, a brother, and a sister—to live with her in a one-bedroom apartment in Dallas. Mary Louise supported them all on her eighty-five-dollar-a-month salary. That's twenty-one dollars a week for four people.

Mary Louise admits it wasn't easy, but she credits her mother's frugality and the family's willingness to share for their survival. In those difficult times that was the code of survival for an untold number of other families across America. Everyone in the family tried to earn something and they all shared it, however little it might have been.

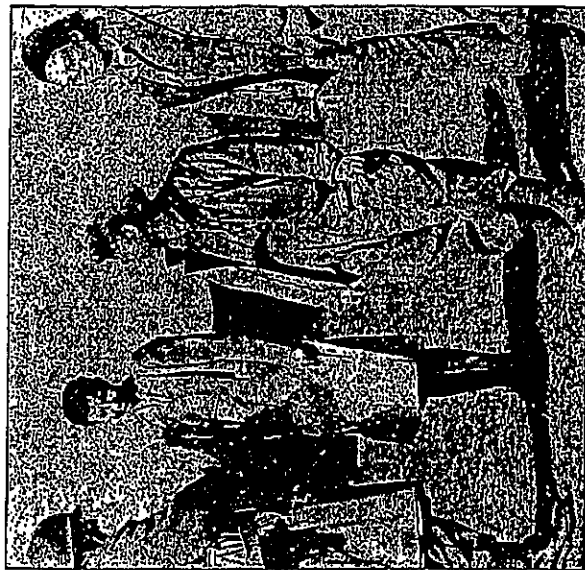
When the United States entered the war, there was an obvious and urgent need for people who could treat the wounded and comfort the afflicted. Mary Louise Roberts volunteered. "I guess it was a matter of wanting to do my part," she says. "I thought it was my patriotic duty to do it. I know it sounds corny because there's not much of that feeling anymore."

Because of her age—she was almost thirty when she enlisted—and her experience, Mary Louise was made the operating room supervisor with the Army's 56th Evacuation Unit. She trained in Louisiana and Texas for surgery under wholly new conditions—in the field and in combat. By Easter Sunday, 1943, she was ashore at Casablanca and assigned to follow the 36th, 88th, and 91st infantry divisions of the Fifth Army.

The women of the Army Nurse Corps wore helmets, fatigues, and boots. They lived in tents, used latrines, and had to guard their privacy constantly. They were often targets for air raids, and yet they were almost always thought of as girls out of place.

One of them, June Wandrey, wrote lively, newsy letters home regularly and later had them published under the title *Bedpan*

frugality, willingness to share



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Three Army Nurse Corps officers presented with Silver Star decorations for heroism (left to right): Mary L. Roberts, Elaine A. Roe, Rita Virginia Rourke



COURTESY MARY ROBERTS WILSON

Surgery at Nocelleto: Mary Roberts, second from left

Commando, the derisive nickname a male soldier had shouted at her. In it she describes several occasions when drunken soldiers invaded the nurses' private space. On one occasion, near the front lines, a German soldier wandered into their latrine. He was gone by the time they summoned help.

Fighting in North Africa was intense but it was only an overture for what lay ahead: Anzio, the beginning of the mainland invasion of Europe from the south. Mary Louise Roberts and her medical unit landed five days after the invasion. It was still a combat hot zone. She remembers, "At one point our commanding officer got the nurses together and asked whether we wanted to be evacuated. It was pretty bad, but we decided if the infantry was going to stay, we were going to stay." She also remembers a male officer who was eager to get the hell off the Anzio beachhead. "But he said there was no way he was going to leave until at least one nurse agreed to go—so he stayed, too."

It was a brave decision. The war was all around them and the workload was draining. "We got patients straight from the battlefield," she remembers. The men were terribly wounded, bloody, and dirty. "In the course of the day we had twelve-hour shifts and eight operating tables, with teams assigned to each table. We had all kinds of injuries, from neurosurgery on down. But there were times when I thought, 'How long can this go on?'"

In one of her letters home, June Wandrey, the proud bedpan commando, wrote from "Somewhere in Italy. . . I am too busy and too tired to write but we must keep in contact; it's all that keeps me sane. We're working twelve to fifteen hours a day now, never sitting down except to eat." Then she describes her ward, filled with

such young soldiers . . . nineteen years old . . . They're so patient and they never complain. I won't be able to write . . . often and here are the reasons why:

- Bed 6, penetrating wound of the left flank, penetrating wound face, fractured mandible, penetrating wound left forearm.
- Bed 5, amputation right leg, penetrating wound left leg, lacerating wound of chest, lacerating wound right hand.
- Bed 4, massive penetrating wound of abdomen. Expired.

She ended another letter home, after describing a long, terrifying night trying to hook up with her hospital unit on the front lines of the march to Rome, by saying, "This field-nurse business is not for the faint of heart."

There was another role for the women of the Nurse Corps. They were surrogate mothers. Wandrey writes of working in a shock ward in Sicily and seeing an eighteen-year-old who was just brought in from the ambulance. "I went to him immediately," she said. "He looked up at me trustingly, sighed, and asked, 'How am I doing, nurse?' I was standing at the head of his litter. I put my hands around his face, kissed his forehead, and said, 'You're doing just fine, soldier.' He smiled sweetly and said, 'I was just checking up.' Then he died.

"Many of us shed tears in private," she continued. "Otherwise we try to be cheerful and reassuring." She said she saw doctors working for hours only to have their young patients die on the table. "Some doctors," she said, "even collapsed across the patient, broke down, and cried."

The nurses were not immune to death, of course. All of the nurses were traumatized by the death of one of their own. Ellen Ainsworth, killed by a German artillery shell—one of six nurses to die at Anzio. Mary Louise said they were all tempted to begin to think, "It could be me," but then in the heat of battle you don't really have time to mull things over." On February 10, 1944, the heat of battle was very hot.

As Mary Louise Roberts supervised several operations under way, German shrapnel started ripping through their surgical tent. She says, "We had patients on the table and we wanted to at least get them off. I said something like, 'Maybe we can keep going before this gets to be too bad.' It went on for thirty minutes or so. We just kept on working." Her superiors were so impressed with her coolness and inspirational personal conduct they recommended her for the coveted Silver Star.

Mary Louise and two other nurses were awarded the medal, but because she had senior rank she went forward first and thus became the first woman to win the Silver Star. It was, she says, not an auspicious occasion. "We went to the ceremony in our operating clothes. It took twenty minutes. It was a quickie because we

were needed back at work. Certainly I am proud of it, but others deserve credit, too. Everybody in our group deserved the medal. That's another common reaction from the World War II generation. Those who won medals often say, "I didn't win the medal. I just accepted it for all who deserved it."

Later, Mary Louise would also say of that particularly harrowing day, in her understated fashion, "I don't much like tents anymore."

Her unit advanced north through Italy, following the Fifth Army, setting up operating facilities, repairing the wounded, or when they were severely wounded, patching them up enough so they could be transported to more sophisticated medical facilities. Mary Louise remembers the day the good news came. She was in Bologna, Italy. "We had just set up and we were treating patients when we got word the war in Europe was over. Oh, Lord, everyone was so excited. I thought I'd be glad to get home and get a bath, a long, uninterrupted bath."

Her sense of duty had kept her overseas for twenty-nine months, and she says during that time her unit treated 77,025 patients. Mary Louise isn't the first or last veteran of those days to say, "I wouldn't trade it for a million dollars but I wouldn't give you two cents for another day of it. I learned an awful lot about people and how they react under pressure. The war gave me an appreciation for life."

She returned to Dallas in October 1945, and by January the following year she was back at the familiar post as operating room supervisor, this time at the Veterans Administration hospital. She went back to school at the University of Texas medical school and got a degree in nursing service administration. The VA wanted to promote her to a chief nurse's position but she wasn't interested. She wanted to stay in the operating room.

In 1961, at the age of forty-six, she married another veteran, Willie Ray Wilson, a pilot with the 9th Artillery Corps during World War II, assigned to ferrying high-ranking officers from headquarters to the battlefield and back. Wilson, a computer programmer after the war, had three children from an earlier marriage.

Mary Louise Roberts Wilson, who got into nursing to send money to her family, came to love the profession for the opportunity it provided to care for others, but she retained the lessons of

*Everyone in our group deserved the medal
77,000 patients in 29 ms*

those difficult early years. She stayed with the VA because the chances of promotion were excellent and it had a substantial pension program. She also joined the Army Reserves and served as chief nurse for the 94th General Hospital unit, retiring as a lieutenant colonel.

She keeps her Silver Star in the bottom of a cedar chest, rarely bothering to take it out. Since her husband died in 1993 she's tried to keep busy with Bible studies, church, reading programs for children of Spanish-speaking families, and an art-appreciation course at a local junior college. Mary Louise, who had to be so tough so many times in her long life, now admits that in her eighties, with her husband gone, her nights can be "awfully lonely."

She remains a taciturn woman, tempered by her difficult childhood and the ordeal of combat nursing duty. She doesn't volunteer much when asked to reflect on her life and all that she's seen and done. She simply says, "In some ways I feel I accomplished a great deal. In other ways I feel I've done nothing. I really don't have anything to show for it. I am just an ordinary person."

An ordinary person who as a teenager supported her family, became a highly skilled nurse, won the Silver Star, and lived an exemplary life. In her modesty she typifies so many women of her generation.

*Became a nurse to provide for family
went to war, did well, awarded
continued nursing*

I'm just an ordinary person

LEONARD "BUD" LOMELL

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"We were trained so well I didn't believe anything could kill us."

LEONARD "BUD" LOMELL hasn't been an active-duty U.S. Army Ranger in more than a half a century, but in his heart and in his mind he still wears the distinctive patch of the elite military unit that had the most dangerous assignment on D-Day. He led his men up the sheer cliffs at Pointe-du-Hoc while German forces dropped grenades on them, kept up a steady stream of fire, and even cut the ropes the Rangers were using to scale the precipice. We met when Lomell was one of the veterans featured in NBC News's documentary on the fortieth anniversary of the invasion.

By then he was a sixty-four-year-old lawyer from Toms River, New Jersey, but as we rode together in a small motorized rubber raft just offshore from Pointe-du-Hoc, talking about that day decades earlier, I could almost see the tough, young First Sergeant Lomell directing his men as they landed under the withering fire of the German forces.

They had been getting ready for this mission for more than a year, undergoing training that was so grueling that many of the Rangers said they were looking forward to combat to escape the rigors of preparing for it. They had endured long speed marches with full packs, nighttime landing exercises in the cold waters of the Atlantic, hand-to-hand combat training, climbing slippery rock cliffs

and rappelling down again. They were young men, between eighteen and twenty-four, and superb athletes, their bodies sinewy with muscle after months of the most demanding forms of physical exercise.

Bud Lomell had volunteered for the elite Ranger Corps after enlisting in the Army following college. He was the adopted son of Scandinavian immigrant parents who took him into their family when he was just an infant in Brooklyn. Later they moved to the Jersey shore, where Bud grew up, pampered by two older sisters and a big brother in the poor and hardworking family.

He remembers that the night he graduated from high school his father bought him some ice cream. As they sat at the family's kitchen table, Bud was stunned when his dad burst into tears and said, "I am broke. I don't have any money. I can't help you go to college. I wish I could, but I can't." Bud had never seen his father cry. He recalls, "I went over to him, put my arms around him, and told him not to worry. I could make it on my own."

Bud knew the family was poor. His dad was a housepainter, and at the height of the Depression no one in their working-class community was spending money to paint their home. Bud always had after-school and summer jobs to help pay the way, and he figured his athletic prowess would help him get a college education.

It did. He enrolled at Tennessee Wesleyan College on a combination athletic scholarship and work program, earning letters in football and participating in Golden Gloves boxing. He was also editor of the school newspaper and president of his fraternity before he graduated in 1941.

He returned to New Jersey where he was able to get a job as a brakeman on a freight train, often working sixteen-hour shifts on the runs up and down the Atlantic seaboard. He knew, however, that before long he'd be in uniform, so he enlisted in the Army.

Three years later he was a first sergeant in charge of a platoon of Rangers as they ran their LCA ashore at the base of Pointe-du-Hoc. Lomell was commanding the platoon because his lieutenant had been reassigned just a few days before.

As they were landing, Lomell felt a sharp pain in his lower back. He was sure another Ranger with whom he had been arguing the day before had hit him. He turned and gave the guy a whack. Lomell still laughs when he recalls how the other Ranger was

COURTESY LEONARD AND CHARLOTTE LOMELL



Leonard Lomell,
time portrait

COURTESY LEONARD AND CHARLOTTE LOMELL



Charlotte Lomell

stunned, saying, "What's that's all about? I did nothing to you!" Lomell didn't realize until later that, in fact, he'd been shot through the right side. He kept going despite the wound.

The 2nd Rangers had a specific mission on Pointe-du-Hoc. They were to knock out five 155mm German coastal guns Allied intelligence figured to be just atop the cliffs. When Lomell and his men got to the top, however, there were no major German guns on the emplacements. Lomell and another sergeant, Jack E. Kuhn, found a dirt road leading inland and they began to follow it.

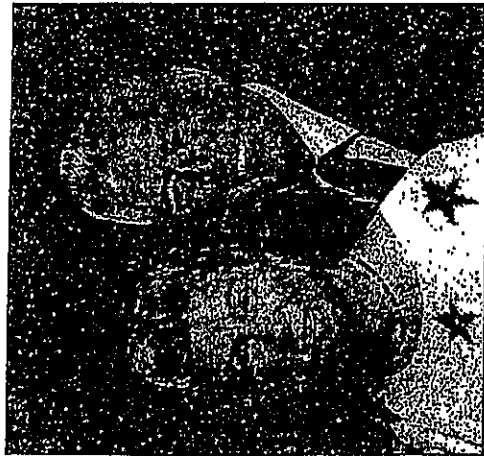
By now their daring mission is well known to students of that chaotic and vitally important day. Stephen Ambrose and many others have recounted what the two sergeants accomplished. They found the five 155mm guns heavily camouflaged, well back from Pointe-du-Hoc and aimed at Utah Beach, another landing spot for the Allies on D-Day. The guns were not manned, but Lomell and Kuhn could see German troops about a hundred meters away, apparently forming up to get the guns operational.

Lomell instructed Kuhn to cover him, saying, "Give me your grenades. . . I'm gonna fix 'em." He ran to the guns and attached thermite grenades to critical parts and smashed the sights of all five guns with his rifle butt. The two sergeants withdrew to get more grenades and finished off the gun emplacement by disabling the remaining weapons. Mission accomplished.

It was just nine a.m. D-Day morning and Sergeants Lomell and Kuhn had already performed so heroically they would later be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star, respectively. It was also the beginning of a long war for both men, as they fought their way across Europe in all of the major campaigns, including the Battle of the Bulge.

That morning and in the days following the heavy fighting on and around Omaha Beach, First Sergeant Lomell came face-to-face with the worst of war. "When I saw my dead Ranger buddies laid out in rows," he told me later, "their faces and uniforms caked with dirt and blood, I couldn't believe it. I wanted to yell at them, 'C'mon, get up!' We were trained so well I didn't believe anything could kill us."

Before the war was over Lomell would be wounded twice more and would receive a battlefield promotion to second lieutenant. In



COURTESY LEONARD AND CHARLOTTE LOMELL

Charlotte and Leonard Lomell

Lomell family portrait,
taken at the Lomells' fiftieth wedding anniversary, June 6, 1996



COURTESY LEONARD AND CHARLOTTE LOMELL

1945 he was ready to come home, and when he did, he led other uniformed veterans from his hometown in a victory parade down the main street of Point Pleasant, New Jersey.

He had not been home long when his mother began to talk to him about that nice girl he had been seeing before he enlisted, Charlotte Ewart. She had been training to be a nurse at a hospital in Long Branch, New Jersey, in the summer of 1941, right after Lomell's college graduation. He was already working seven days and nights a week so there wasn't much time for courting. When they were together, however, the mutual attraction was strong. Charlotte remembers, "I thought he was very handsome and very self-confident. That was important to me. He knew what he wanted."

Before long, however, Lomell had enlisted in the Army and, typically for him, he then turned all his attention to his military training. He called Charlotte occasionally when he was home on leave but he didn't write, and soon they drifted apart.

After the war, when he took his mother's advice and called, Charlotte was enrolled in a public health nursing program at the College of Seton Hall. They arranged to have dinner and as Lomell says, "She was just the most impressive girl I had ever known. The rest didn't have a chance. We just picked up where we left off."

A year and a half later they were married, on June 6, 1946, two years to the day after Sergeant Lomell was fighting his way up the cliffs at Pointe-du-Hoc, a bullet wound in his side, determined to find and knock out a battery of German guns. As Charlotte says now, laughing, "Every wedding anniversary we share with the surviving Rangers, because it is also the anniversary of D-Day."

The GI Bill was Lomell's ticket to a career he could not have expected to have before the war. It allowed him to enroll in law school, at LaSalle University and Rutgers University. By 1951 he had passed the state bar exam and been admitted to the New Jersey bar.

The Lomells continued to make their home in southern New Jersey, and by 1957 Bud had founded his own law firm in the growing community of Toms River, about halfway between Philadelphia and New York. It quickly became one of the largest in Ocean County. As Bud likes to say, "I ran it with Ranger discipline." As the father of three daughters he was especially sensitive to the idea of

sexual harassment before it became a popular workplace issue. Over the years, "I had to fire a couple of young lawyers for violating the rules in that area," he says. "Paid 'em off and got them out of there. I'm proud that my firm is known as the 'league of nations.' We've had several women and men of different ethnic backgrounds, sixteen lawyers in all and about thirty other employees."

Charlotte and Bud were a team at home and in the law firm. She kept the books and looked after the maintenance in the law offices, and together they made family decisions. They were raising three daughters of their own when Charlotte's sister died, leaving a teenage son and daughter. The Lomells simply brought them into their family as their own and sent all five children to college.

Through it all, Bud kept a close association with his Ranger buddies from the war. When they were younger, the Lomell daughters—Georgine, Pauline, and Renee—were so accustomed to Ranger veterans from Bud's old outfit dropping by, they just considered them "uncles." Renee—Bud and Charlotte's youngest daughter—a schoolteacher, considers those visits to be an important part of her education. "You really didn't see the military side," she says. "It was just a bunch of good men from a variety of backgrounds who cared about each other a lot."

They rarely talked about the worst of the war, she says. "They talked about the fun times during training or whatever, never about the fighting."

Renee also remembers as a teenager in the sixties how her father adapted to the idea of young men with long hair and unusual wardrobes. "He worried a lot more about our safety than he did about the length of hair," she says. He had essentially the same attitude toward the war in Vietnam. He supported it at the beginning, but when he saw it was poorly planned and executed, a terrible waste of young American lives, he turned against it.

Most of all, what the Lomell daughters remember is their parents as a perfect team. Bud, the energetic and outgoing lawyer with a soft touch for his daughters, always consulted Charlotte, who ran the family finances and preferred quiet evenings to large social gatherings. They were divided politically, Charlotte as a Democrat and Bud as a Republican, but that rarely caused any real rifts. "Our parents are a team," one daughter said, "and they made the family a team."

As a lawyer Bud did have certain rules to protect his feelings about his family. If he took on a divorce case he would never discuss it after three o'clock in the afternoon because he didn't want to be upset by someone else's family dispute when he went home to his own family. He often attended juvenile court on Fridays, and the girls remember that when he came home those nights his warnings about the dangers they could encounter took on new meaning.

Daughter Georgine is an Episcopal priest and chaplain at a long-term-care facility in Louisville, Kentucky. She says of her dad, "He walks his talk. He's all about fairness and justice. When my sisters and I were teenagers we looked younger, so when we went to the movies we could have gotten in on the kids' prices, but Dad would never do that. From him we learned how to be straight arrows."

One of Bud's protégés is Judge Robert Fall, who sits on the New Jersey state appellate court. Fall was in a local grammar school when Bud came to speak, and he made an indelible impression. Later, when Fall was in law school, Bud hired him, first as an intern and then as a member of the firm. "He was just the epitome of a leader in that firm," Fall says. "The lines were drawn very clearly between right and wrong, and with Bud you just didn't cross the line. I learned so much about integrity from him."

Fall says Bud didn't talk about his war experiences, but there were occasions when the old Ranger training spilled over into firm activities. "Every year we went as a firm—lawyers and spouses—to the Princeton-Rutgers football game," the judge remembers, chuckling. "We'd have to meet at the offices at a fixed time, travel in a convoy of cars to the game, eat a tailgate lunch at a specific time, and meet for dinner at a fixed time and place later. Bud ran it all with military precision."

As time went on, Bud Lomell became much better known in Toms River for his civic contributions than for his war record. He was a director of a local bank, president of the county bar association, a member of the local school board, president of the local philanthropic association, and, as a lawyer, always available to do pro bono work for local firemen, policemen, juveniles, and churches.

Judge Fall says that in his role on the bench, he thinks about Bud Lomell every day, and he is guided by the lessons he learned

from him about right and wrong. Although Fall has known about Bud's war record since he was a grade-school student, he remains in awe of the raw courage he demonstrated on D-Day and beyond. "You wonder," Judge Fall asks, "could I reach down and do that? I guess I'll never know."

As for Bud, he still goes to his law offices a few times a week, even though he's been retired since the mid-1980s. He's survived two heart surgeries and he still has a military command style. As we were sitting in his comfortable waterfront home along the Jersey shore, preparing to do an interview on his reaction to the Steven Spielberg film *Saving Private Ryan*, a gardener started up a power mower outside. Bud turned to Charlotte and said firmly, "Tell that lawn mower to move out and come back later."

Bud had been a special guest at the Hollywood premiere of *Saving Private Ryan*. He was impressed that Spielberg had been able to re-create the chaos and the bloody conditions of the D-Day landing so effectively, but he had lots of problems with the rest of the film. Tom Hanks as a Ranger captain, he said, "should never be walking around with his men, all talking loudly in broad daylight. That would only bring in German mortars." Also, Bud noted that Hanks and his men were much older than the soldiers had actually been. "We were all eighteen or nineteen years old; I was one of the older ones at twenty-four," he points out.

Bud Lomell is now in his late seventies and he counts his long, happy marriage to Charlotte and the lives of their three daughters as the most meaningful events in the lifetime that began in the poor, immigrant neighborhoods of Brooklyn and took him to the heights of military and professional success.

Charlotte and their daughters recognize that Bud will always have another family as well. The men of the 2nd Rangers who landed with him on D-Day and fought their way across those beaches and the rest of Europe, those who lived and those who died, are in Bud's heart forever. Bud still leads Ranger tours back to those battlefields, but when they come to the American cemetery on the headland overlooking Omaha Beach in Normandy, he stays in the back of the bus. "To walk up to one of my Ranger graves there gets to me to the point I can't do it anymore. I know he knows I've been by—so I'll just go sit in the bus."

CHARLES KUKUCHI ON LIFE IN A JAPANESE INTERNMENT CAMP (1942)

During the war years, the rise of defense industries triggered a massive social migration. Millions left rural areas and moved to cities seeking defense jobs. While this population shift made Americans more cosmopolitan, it also generated social tensions as migrants competed for jobs and housing. In 1943 alone, forty-seven cities reported racial clashes. The bloodiest occurred in Detroit, where a June riot left thirty-four people dead and two million dollars in property damage. The following month, hostilities between white servicemen and Latino pachucos (youth gang members) degenerated into four days of violence in Los Angeles.

The internment of 112,000 Japanese-Americans living on the West Coast was the era's most notorious racial incident. California had a long history of intolerance toward Asians and Asian Americans. Unlike Italian Americans or German Americans, Japanese Americans were a relatively small and isolated community focused in three states. Following the Pearl Harbor attack, fears of Japanese subversion and racism fueled popular demands that "Japs" be imprisoned.

In February 1942, despite the fact that not a single Japanese-American had been found guilty of disloyalty or espionage, Franklin Roosevelt succumbed to political pressure and issued Executive Order 9066. The directive forced Japanese Americans living in California, Oregon, and Washington to live in relocation camps for the duration of the war. The decision outraged Japanese Americans, more than two-thirds of whom were U.S. citizens. Receiving only seventy-two hours notice, they were forced to sell their property and possessions at very discounted prices and then report to internment centers scattered throughout the West. Armed guards patrolled the camps and living conditions were usually poor. Ironically, the order did not apply to Hawaii, the U.S. territory with the highest percentage of Japanese Americans.

Weaknesses in the relocation policy became apparent. A shortage of agricultural workers prompted the government to release several internees almost immediately. Private humanitarian groups secured the release of hundreds of young people by offering them college scholarships or vocational training. Thousands of Japanese-American men got out of the camps by enlisting in armed services. Although the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the internment policy in *Hirabayashi v. United States* (1943) and *Korematsu v. United States* (1944), the government began releasing internees as wartime hysteria subsided. In 1988, the U.S. Congress issued an apology and awarded \$20,000 to each of the 80,000 survivors of the relocation program.

In these diary excerpts, Charles Kikuchi, an American-born child (Nisei) of Japanese immigrants (Issei), documents his internment at Tanforan, a relocation center in San Bruno, California. In 1943, Kikuchi was released from the camp in order to participate in a work program in Chicago.

FOCUS QUESTIONS

1. How does Kikuchi describe conditions prior to the evacuation of Japanese Americans?
2. What is life like at Tanforan?
3. Describe Kikuchi's attitudes toward the internment camps and his fellow Japanese Americans.
4. Where do Kikuchi's political loyalties lie?
5. Was the internment of Japanese Americans justified? Explain your answer.

April 9, 1942, Berkeley

...S. F. Japanese Town certainly looks like a ghost town. All the stores are closed, and the windows are bare except for a mass of "evacuation sale" signs. The junk dealers are having a roman holiday, since they can have their cake and eat it too. It works like this! They buy cheap from the Japanese leaving and sell dearly to the Okies coming in for defense work. Result, good profit....

April 30, 1942, Berkeley

Today is the day that we are going to get kicked out of Berkeley. It certainly is degrading. I am down here in the control station, and I have nothing to do so I am

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jotting down these notes! The Army Lieutenant over there doesn't want any of the photographers to take pictures of these miserable people waiting for the Greyhound bus because he thinks that the American public might get a sympathetic attitude towards them.

I'm supposed to see my family at Tanforan as Jack told me to give the same family number. I wonder how it is going to be living with them as I haven't done this for years and years? I should have gone over to San Francisco and evacuated with them, but I had a last final to take. [Kikuchi was studying social work at the University of California-Berkeley]. I understand that we are going to live in the horse stalls. I hope that the army has the courtesy to remove the manure first.

This morning I went over to the bank to close my account and the bank teller whom I have never seen before solemnly shook my hand and said, "Goodbye, have a nice time." I wonder if that isn't the attitude of the American people? They don't seem to be bitter against us, and I certainly don't think I am any different from them....

Mitch just came over to tell us that I was going on the last bus out of Berkeley with him. Oh, how lucky I am!...

The Church people around here seem so nice and full of consideration saying, "Can we store your things?" "Do you need clothes?" "Sank you," the Issei smile even now though they are leaving with hearts full of sorrow. But the Nisei around here seem pretty bold and their manners are brazen. They are demanding service. I guess they are taking advantage of their college educations after all. "The Japs are leaving, hurrah! Hurrah!" some little kids are yelling down the street but everybody ignores them. Well, I have to go up to the campus and get the results of my last exam and will barely be able to make it back here in time for the last bus. God, what a prospect to look forward to living among all those Japs!

May 3, 1942, Sunday

The whole family pitched in to build our new home at Tanforan. We raided the Clubhouse [Tanforan had been a horse racing park hurriedly converted into a relocation center] and tore off the linoleum from the bar table and put it on our floor....

There are still many problems to be solved such as heating, cleaner dishes, more variety of foods, recreational and other social problems but they will most likely be settled in time.

I saw a soldier in a tall guardhouse near the barbed wire fence and did not like it because it reminds me of a concentration camp. I am wondering what the effects will be on the Japanese so cut off from the world like this. Within the confines of Tanforan our radios and papers are the only touch with reality. I hardly know how the war is going now, and it is so significant that the Allied forces win even though that will not mean that democracy will by any means be perfect or even justified. The whole post war period is going to be something terrific. Sometimes I feel like a foreigner in this camp hearing so much Japanese although our family use English almost exclusively....

May 4, 1942, Monday

There are such varied reactions to the whole thing: some are content and thankful; others gush "sank you" but are full of complaints within their own circles. Still others are bolder and come right out with it. We thought we would not have any dinner tonight because the cooks went on a strike. They really are overworked—preparing 300 meals. Then there have been considerable "personality difficulties." The battle for prestige here is terrific—everyone wants to be somebody, it seems—any kind of work will do as long as they get the official badges that distinguish them....

Oh, I sure could go for a hamburger now: the big juicy kind. I've eaten so much canned food the past week that it becomes tasteless. Many of the boys are worried about being fed saltpeter because they think it will ruin their manhood.

A contrasting reaction is the number of victory gardens that are being planted: these industrious Japanese! They just don't seem to know how to take it easy—they've worked so hard all of their lives that they just can't stand idleness—or waste. They are so concerned that water is not left running or that electricity is not being wasted....

May 8, 1942, Friday

...A lot of Nisei kids come in and mix their Japanese in with their English. Now that we are cut off from the Caucasian contacts, there will be a greater tendency to speak more and more Japanese unless we carefully guard against it. Someday these Nisei will once again go out into the greater American society and it is so important that they be able to speak English well—that's why education is so important. I still think it is a big mistake to evacuate all the Japanese. Segregation is the least desirable thing that could happen and it certainly is going to increase the problem of future social adjustments. How can we expect to develop Americanization when they are all put together with the stigma of disloyalty pointed at them? I am convinced that the Nisei could become good Americans, and will be, if they are not treated with much suspicion. The presence here of all those pro-Japan Issei certainly will not help things out any....

May 10, 1942 Sunday

...As far as I am concerned, I don't like the reasons why we are put here, but I am finding it interesting so far. I don't know how I will feel a month from now though. But I haven't got so much service in years. The girls make the beds and clean house. I don't have to do my laundry; Mom darns my socks and my shirts are ironed. I don't have to wash dishes or cook; in fact I am getting all-around service without worrying about finances like I did when I went to school last term. I lived on about \$25.00 a month budget and had to skimp like hell to make it; here I bet it costs the government a lot more per month for my upkeep. But then—all

this still doesn't compensate for my liberty and freedom of movement from place to place.... The more Americanized Nisei are finding adjustment a bit more difficult. They are more aware of the motives behind the evacuation and they can't take it so easily as some of the others....

May 11, 1942, Monday

...There was a terrific rainstorm last night and we have had to wade through the "slush alleys" again. Everyone sink up to the ankles in mud. Some trucks came in today with lumber to build new barracks, but the earth was so soft that the truck sank over the hubs and they had a hell of a time pulling it out. The Army certainly is rushing things. About half of the Japanese have already been evacuated from the restricted areas in this state. Manzanar, Santa Anita, and Tanforan will be the three biggest centers. Now that S.F. has been almost cleared, the American Legion, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the California Joint Immigration Committee are filing charges that the Nisei should be disfranchised because we have obtained citizenship under false pretenses, and that "we are loyal subjects of Japan" and therefore should never have been allowed to obtain citizenship. This sort of thing will gain momentum and we are not in a very advantageous position to combat it. I get fearful sometimes because this sort of hysteria will gain momentum.... I think that they are stabbing us in the back and that there should be a separate concentration camp for these so-called Americans. They are a lot more dangerous than the Japanese in the U.S. ever will or have been....

July 8, 1942

...I keep saying to myself that I must view everything intellectually and rationally, but sometimes I feel sentiments compounded of blind feelings and irrationality. Here all of my life I have identified my every act with America but when the war broke out I suddenly find that I won't be allowed to become an integral part of the whole in these times of national danger. I find I am put aside and viewed suspiciously. My set of values gets twisted; I don't know what to think. Yes, an American certainly is a queer thing. I know what I want, I think, yet it looks beyond my reach at times, but I won't accept defeat. Americanism is my only solution and I may even get frantic about it if thwarted. To retain my loyalty to my country, I must also retain my family loyalty or what else do I have to build upon? So I can't be selfish and individualistic to such a strong degree. I must view it from either angle and abide by the majority decision. If I am to be in a camp for the duration, I may as well have the stabilizing influence of the family....

August 17, 1942, Monday, 8:00

...There are so many interesting people in camp. They are Americans! Sometimes they may say things that arise out of their bewildered feelings, but they can't throw off the environmental effects of the American way of life which is ingrained

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in them. The injustices of evacuation will some day come to light. It is a blot upon our national life—like the Negro problem, the way labor gets kicked around, the unequal distribution of wealth, the sad plight of the farmers, the slums of our large cities, and a multitude of things. It would make me dizzy just to think about them now.

Charles Kikuchi, *The Kikuchi Diary: Chronicle from an American Concentration Camp; The Tanforan Journals of Charles Kikuchi*, ed. John Modell (Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1973), 51-55, 66, 69, 73, 170, 229.

Complete the below questions in a group of 3.
CLASSWORK

List Names: _____

**WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION**

Presidio of San Francisco, California
May 3, 1942

**INSTRUCTIONS
TO ALL PERSONS OF
JAPANESE
ANCESTRY**

Living in the Following Area:

All of that portion of the County of Alameda, State of California, within the boundary beginning at the point where the westerly limits of the City of Oakland meet San Francisco Bay; thence westerly and following the southerly limits of said city to U. S. Highway No. 24; thence southerly and easterly on said Highway No. 24 to its intersection with California State Highway No. 24; thence southerly on said Highway No. 24 to its intersection at or near Warm Springs, with California State Highway No. 24; thence southerly on said Highway No. 24 to the Alameda-Santa Clara County line; thence westerly and following said county line to San Francisco Bay; thence northerly, and following the shoreline of San Francisco Bay to the point of beginning.

Pursuant to the provisions of Civilian Exclusion Order No. 34, this Headquarters, dated May 3, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, will be evacuated from the above area by 12 o'clock noon, P. M. T., Saturday, May 9, 1942.

No Japanese person living in the above area will be permitted to change residence after 12 o'clock noon, P. M. T., Sunday, May 3, 1942, without obtaining special permission from the representative of the Commanding General, Northern California Sector, at the Civil Control Station located at

930 - "C" Street,
Hayward, California.

Such permits will only be granted for the purpose of uniting members of a family, or in cases of grave emergency. The Civil Control Station is equipped to assist the Japanese population affected by this evacuation in the following ways:

1. Give advice and instructions on the evacuation.
2. Provide services with respect to the management, leasing, sale, storage or other disposition of most kinds of property, such as real estate, business and professional equipment, household goods, boats, automobiles and livestock.
3. Provide temporary residence elsewhere for all Japanese in family groups.
4. Transport persons and a limited amount of clothing and equipment to their new residence.

The Following Instructions Must Be Observed:

1. A responsible member of each family, preferably the head of the family, or the person in whose name most of the property is held, and each individual living alone, will report to the Civil Control Station to receive further instructions. This must be done between 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. on Monday, May 4, 1942, or between 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. on Tuesday, May 5, 1942.

2. Evacuees must carry with them on departure for the Assembly Center, the following property:

- (a) Bedding and linens (no mattress) for each member of the family;
- (b) Toilet articles for each member of the family;
- (c) Extra clothing for each member of the family;
- (d) Sufficient knives, forks, spoons, plates, bowls and cups for each member of the family;
- (e) Essential personal effects for each member of the family.

All items carried will be securely packaged, tied and plainly marked with the name of the owner and numbered in accordance with instructions obtained at the Civil Control Station. The size and number of packages is limited to that which can be carried by the individual or family group.

3. No pets of any kind will be permitted.
4. No personal items and no household goods will be shipped to the Assembly Center.
5. The United States Government through its agencies will provide for the storage, at the sole risk of the owner, of the more substantial household items, such as refrigerators, washing machines, pianos and other heavy furniture. Cooking utensils and other small items will be accepted for storage if crated, packed and plainly marked with the name and address of the owner. Only one name and address will be used by a given family.
6. Each family, and individual living alone, will be furnished transportation to the Assembly Center or will be authorized to travel by private automobile in a supervised group. All instructions pertaining to the movement will be obtained at the Civil Control Station.

Go to the Civil Control Station between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Monday, May 4, 1942, or between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Tuesday, May 5, 1942, to receive further instructions.

J. I. DeWITT
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

...d clean house. I don't have to do my laundry; Mom dums my socks and my shirts are ironed. I don't have to wash dishes or cook; in fact I am getting all around service without worrying about finances like I did when I went to school last term. I lived on about \$25.00 a month budget and had to skimp like hell to make it here. I bet it costs the government a lot more per month for my upkeep. But this—all this still doesn't compensate for my liberty and freedom of movement from place to place. ... The more Americanized Nisei are finding adjustment a bit more difficult. They are more aware of the motives behind the evacuation and they can't take it so easily as some of the others.

May 16, 1942, Monday

... There was a terrific rainstorm last night and we have had to wade through the "flush alleys" again. Everyone sinks up to the ankles in mud. Some trucks came in today with lumber to build new barracks, but the earth was so soft that the truck sank over the hubs and the wheels had a hell of a time pulling out. The Army certainly is rushing things. About half of the Japanese have already been evacuated from the restricted areas in this state. Manzanar, Santa Anita, and Tanforan will be the three biggest centers. Now that S.F. has been almost deserted, the American Legion, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the California Joint Immigration Committee are filing charges that the Nisei should be disfranchised because we have obtained citizenship under false pretenses, and that "we are loyal subjects of Japan" and therefore should never have been allowed to obtain citizenship. This sort of thing will gain momentum and yet also not in a very advantageous position to combat it. I get fearful sometimes because this sort of hysteria will gain momentum. ... I think that they are stabbing us in the back and that there should be a separate concentration camp for these so-called Americans. They are a lot more dangerous than the Japanese in the U.S. ever will or have been. ...

July 8, 1942

... I keep saying to myself that I must view everything intellectually and rationally, but sometimes I feel sentiments compounded of blind feelings and irrationality. Here all of my life I have identified my every act with America but when the war broke out I suddenly find that I won't be allowed to become an integral part of the whole in these times of national danger. I find myself put aside and viewed suspiciously. My set of values gets twisted; I don't know what to think. Yes, an American certainly is a queer thing. I know what I want, I think, yet it looks beyond my reach at times, but I won't accept defeat. Americanism is my only solution and I may even get frantic about it if thwarted. To retain my loyalty to my country, I must also retain my family loyalty or what else do I have to build upon? So I can't be selfish and individualistic to such a strong degree. I must view it from either angle and abide by the majority decision. If I am to be in a camp for the duration, I may as well have the stabilizing influence of the family. ...

August 17, 1942, Monday, 8:00

... There are so many interesting people in camp. They are Americans! Sometimes they may say things that arise out of their bewildered feelings, but

they can't throw off the environmental effects of the American way of life which is ingrained in them. The injustices of evacuation will sooner or later come to light. is a blot upon our national life like the Negro problem, the way labor is kicked around, the unequal distribution of wealth, the sad plight of the farms the slums of our large cities, and a multitude of things. It would make me die just to think about them now.

20.6

An African-American Soldier Attacks the Paradox of American Democracy (1944)

Although WWII opened opportunities for African Americans, it also highlighted the paradox of America's segregated democracy. Accordingly, civil rights leaders enunciated a "Double V" campaign calling for the defeat of Nazism abroad and victory over racism at home. Energized by these appeals, one million African Americans enlisted in the armed forces, and thousands joined civil rights organizations like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). Between 1941 and 1945, NAACP membership rose from 50,000 to 500,000. The group demanded antilynching laws, access to voting, and racial equality in employment, education, and housing. In 1944, NAACP lawyers won the landmark Supreme Court case *Smith v. Allwright*, striking down all-white primaries in Texas and eight other states.

Other civil rights organizations also pushed for change. In 1941, A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, threatened to organize a massive march on Washington, D.C., unless the federal government ended racial bias in the military and defense industries. Unwilling to risk such an embarrassment, President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 8802. Although the directive did not address the armed services, it outlawed discrimination in the U.S. civil service and in private establishments and unions receiving federal defense contracts. The measure created the Fair Employment Practices Committee (FEPC) to enforce the policy. Although the FEPC lacked the staff or funds to ensure full compliance, FDR's order enabled two million African Americans to attain defense

jobs and another 200,000 to enter the federal workforce. Black union membership doubled and African-American wages quadrupled from \$457 to \$1,976 a year, approximately \$600 less than whites.

The military's record on racial equality was less impressive. When the war began, the army and navy rarely sent blacks into combat and relegated them to menial chores like kitchen duty and burial detail. The marines refused to admit African Americans in any capacity. The Red Cross maintained different blood supplies for white and black soldiers. War-time demands forced revision of some of these practices. U.S. military officials deployed all-black units such as the 761st Tank Battalion and the 99th Pursuit Squadron that compiled distinguished records in combat against the Nazis. By 1944, the army and navy were experimenting with integration. Most black soldiers, however, served in segregated companies commanded by white officers. Throughout the war, African-American soldiers bitterly complained about racial harassment on and near military installations. Not surprisingly, black veterans were among the thousands of African Americans who joined the civil rights movement in the years following World War II. In these letters, an African-American soldier responds to racism in the armed services.

FOCUS QUESTIONS

1. Why does Private Wilson believe there is a paradox in the American fight against fascism? What evidence does he use to sustain his argument?
2. How and why does Wilson think that President Roosevelt should address racial discrimination in the armed forces?
3. Why do you think that World War II inspired so many African Americans to join the civil rights movement of the postwar era?

President Franklin Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D.C.
33rd AAP Base Unit (CCTSPH)
Section C
DAVIS-MONTEAN FIELD
Tucson, Arizona
9 May 1944

Dear President Roosevelt:

It was with extreme pride that I, a soldier in the Armed Forces of our country, read the following affirmation of our war aims, produced by you at a recent press conference:

"The United Nations are fighting to make a world in which tyranny and aggression cannot exist; a world based upon freedom, equality and justice;

a world in which all persons, regardless of race, color and creed may live peace, honor, and dignity."

Your use of the word "world" means that we are fighting for "freedom, equality, and justice" for "all persons, regardless of race, color, and creed" in every part of the world, the United States of America, as well as all other countries where such a fight is needed to be carried through. Your use of the words "persons, regardless of race, color, and creed" means that we are fighting "freedom, equality, and justice" for our Negro Americans, no less than for white Americans, or our Jewish, Protestant and Catholic Americans, or for subjugated peoples in Europe and China and all other lands....

Our driving back of the Japanese fascists in the Pacific; our driving back the German fascists in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy, in conjunction with British and French Allies, freeing that part of the world from "tyranny and aggression" as the prerequisite for bringing "freedom, equality and justice" to the North African and Italian peoples; the tremendous preparations and plans that we as part of the United Nations have carried out so that we now stand the eve of the invasion, and in conjunction with Allies, the British, Russian, French and European Underground, on the eve of freeing the subjugated peoples of Europe from the German fascist tyranny; the glorious part that we played in the decision reached at Tehran, these are vivid records of the manner in which the war aims of the United Nations, as pronounced by you, are being fought: by us, throughout the world.

On the home front there are vivid examples also; your issuance of Executive Order 8802, which established the Fair Employment Practices Commission, fight against the discriminatory employment practices of being used against Negroes and other minority groups in the war industries.... the support which you have given to the fight against the flagrantly undemocratic poll tax.... the production by the U.S. Army Signal Corps, as authorized by the War Department, of the film "The Negro Soldier," these are but a few of the many examples of the fight that the democratic forces in our government, with your leadership carrying on in our country as part of the world struggle against "tyranny."...

But the picture in our country is marred by one of the strangest paradoxes of our whole fight against world fascism. The United States Armed Forces, to fit our World Democracy, is within itself undemocratic. The undemocratic policy of Jim Crow and segregation is practiced by our Armed Forces against its Negro members. Totally inadequate opportunities are given to the Negro members of our Armed Forces, nearly one tenth of the whole, to participate with "equality".... "regardless of race and color" in the fight for our war aims. In fact it appears that the army intends to follow the very policy that the FEPC is battling against civilian life, the pattern of assigning Negroes to the lowest types of work.

Let me give you an example of the lack of democracy in our Field, which I am now stationed. Negro soldiers are completely segregated from the white soldiers on the base. And to make doubly sure that no mistake is made about it the barracks and other housing facilities (supply room, mess hall, etc.) of the Negro Section C are covered with black tar paper, while all other barracks and housing facilities on the base are painted white.

... the stated policy of the Second Air Force that "every potential fighter must be used as a fighting man. If you have such a man in a base job, have no choice. His job must be eliminated or filled by a limited services man, WAC [Women's Army Corps], or civilian." And yet, leaving out the Negro soldiers working with the Medical Section, fully 50% of the Negro soldiers are working in base jobs such as, for example, at the Resident Officers' Mess, Bachelor Officers' Quarters, and Officers' Club, as mess personnel, BOQ orderlies, and bursars. Leaving out the medical men again, based on the Section C average only 4% of this 50% would not be "potential fighting men." ...

Let us assume as a basis for discussion that there are no civilians or limited service men to do the menial work on the base. The democratic way based upon "equality and justice" would be to assign this work to both Negro and white. Instead the discriminatory and undemocratic method is used whereby all of this work is assigned to the Negro soldiers.

On the other hand suppose civilians were found to take over all of the base jobs and thus free the Negro soldiers for use as fighting men. They would not be given "on-the-job-training" to become members of the ground crew, such as is being done for the WAC members on the base, because there is no such program for the Negroes at Davis-Monthan Field. They would not be trained to become aerial gunners, or bombardiers, or navigators, or pilots, or bomb-sight mechanics, or any of the many other specialists at Davis-Monthan Field, because there is no authorization in the Second Air Force for this training to be given to Negroes. ...

How can we convince nearly one tenth of the Armed Forces, the Negro members, that your pronouncement of the United Nations members means what it says, when their experience with one of the United Nations, the United States of America, is just the opposite?

Are the Chinese people to believe that we are fighting to bring them "freedom, equality, and justice" when they can see that in our Armed Forces we are not even practicing what we are preaching?

However, we leave ourselves wide open for sowers of disunity. Nothing would suit Hitler, Tojo, and our own native fascists better than disunity. ... We know that isn't the answer. Disunity and civil strife would only weaken our fight against the German and Japanese fascists, or more than that result in our defeat. A victory for the German and Japanese fascists would be a victory for our own native fascists, who are at the bottom [of] this whole program of "white supremacy, race hatred, jim-crowism, and segregation. ..."

The only answer is... fighting for war aims of the United Nations in our own country as well as throughout the rest of the world. That means that we must fight against the fascist shouters of "white supremacy" against the labor baiters, against segregation and jim-crowism wherever these evils show their fangs, whether in the Armed Forces, or in the civilian population. ...

Just as our government in civilian life, is carrying on a fight for the full integration of the Negro and all other minority groups into the war effort, with the result that Negro men and women are producing the implements of war, in jobs from the unskilled to the most highly skilled, side by side, with their white brothers and sisters, so in the Armed Forces our government must take up the

same fight for the full integration of the Negro into all phases of our fighting forces from the lowest to the highest.

President Roosevelt, in the interest of the war effort you issued Executive Order 8802, which established the Fair Employment Practices Committee. Although there is still much to be done, nevertheless, this committee, against heavy opposition, has played and is playing a gallant role in fighting for democracy for the men and women behind the lines, in the industries that produce it guns, and tanks, and bombers for victory over world fascism.

With your issuance of Executive Order 8802, and the setting up of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, you established the foundation for fighting for democracy in the industrial forces of our country, in the interest of victory for the United Nations. In the interest of victory for the United Nations, another Executive Order is now needed. An Executive Order which will lay the base for fighting for democracy in the Armed Forces of our country. An Executive Order which would bring about the result here at Davis-Monthan Field whereby the Negro soldiers would be integrated into all of the Sections on the base, as fighting men, instead of in the segregated Section C as housekeepers.

Then and only then can your pronouncements of the war aims of the United Nations mean to all that we "are fighting to make a world in which tyranny and aggression cannot exist; a world based upon freedom, equality, and justice; a world in which all persons, regardless of race, color, and creed, may live in peace, honor and dignity."

Respectfully yours,

Charles F. Wilson, 36794590

Private, Air Corps

20.7

~~Infantryman Bob Slaughter Remembers D-Day (1944)~~

~~On June 6, 1944, the Allied invasion of Western Europe (known as D-Day or Operation Overlord) began. U.S. General Dwight D. Eisenhower coordinated a huge force of 15,000 ships, 10,000 planes, 4,126 landing craft, and hundreds~~

~~SOURCE: "Soldier's Story," June 6, 1944; The Value of D-Day (New York: So. Martin's Press, 1994), pp. 184-189.~~

to fight all the harder by our side, with us, for our righteous cause.

It will gain respect for the Negro people.

It will create a new sense of self-respect among Negroes.

But what of national unity?

We believe in national unity which recognizes equal opportunity of black and white citizens to jobs in national defense and the armed forces, and in all other institutions and endeavors in America. We condemn all dictatorships, Fascist, Nazi and Communist. We are loyal, patriotic Americans all.

But if American democracy will not defend its defenders; if American democracy will not protect its protectors; if American democracy will not give jobs to its toilers because of race or color; if American democracy will not insure equality of opportunity, freedom and justice to its citizens, black and white, it is a hollow mockery and belies the principles for which it is supposed to stand. . . .

Today we call on President Roosevelt, a great humanitarian and idealist, to . . . free American Ne-

gro citizens of the stigma, humiliation and insult of discrimination and Jim-Crowism in Government departments and national defense.

The Federal Government cannot with clear conscience call upon private industry and labor unions to abolish discrimination based on race and color as long as it practices discrimination itself against Negro Americans.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What kind of equality did Randolph advocate? How did his outlook compare with that of Booker T. Washington?
2. Why did Randolph focus on a protest march as his preferred tactic? What other options might have been available?
3. Assess the advantages and disadvantages of Randolph's linking of domestic racial equality with global freedom.

Women in War Industries

Encouraged by government recruiting campaigns, some 6 million women took jobs in defense plants during the first three years of the war. Many of them left conventional domestic jobs—maids, cooks, waitresses—to join industrial assembly lines. Others had never worked outside the home. Not surprisingly, they encountered prejudice among their male co-workers. Yet the overall experience was quite positive for many women, and it created long-lasting changes in outlook and perspective. The two following accounts are representative of the experiences of wartime working women.

From *The Homefront* by Mark Jonathan Harris, Franklin D. Mitchell, and Steven J. Schechter. Copyright © 1984 by Mark Jonathan Harris, Franklin D. Mitchell, and Steven J. Schechter. Used by permission of Putnam Berkley, a division of Penguin Putnam Inc.

Inez Sauer, Chief Clerk, Tool Room

I was thirty-one when the war started and I had never worked in my life before. I had a six-year-old daughter and two boys, twelve and

thirteen. We were living in Norwalk, Ohio, in a large home in which we could fit about 200 people playing bridge, and once in a while we filled it.

I remember my husband saying to me, "You've lived through a depression and you weren't even aware it was here." It was true. I knew that people were without work and having a hard time, but it never seemed to affect us or our friends. They were all of the same ilk—all college people and all golfing and bridge-playing companions. I suppose you'd call it a life of ease. We always kept a live-in maid, and we never had to go without anything.

Before the war my life was bridge and golf and clubs and children. . . . When the war broke out, my husband's rubber-matting business in Ohio had to close due to the war restrictions on rubber. We also lost our live-in maid, and I could see there was no way I could possibly live the way I was accustomed to doing. So I took my children home to my parents in Seattle.

The Seattle papers were full of ads for women workers needed to help the war effort. "Do your part, free a man for service." Being a D. A. R.,¹ I really wanted to help the war effort. I could have worked for the Red Cross and rolled bandages, but I wanted to do something that I thought was really vital. Building bombers was, so I answered an ad for Boeing.

My mother was horrified. She said no one in our family had ever worked in a factory. "You don't know what kind of people you're going to be associated with." My father was horrified too, no matter how I tried to impress on him that this was a war effort on my part. He said, "You'll never get along with the people you'll meet there." My husband thought it was utterly ridiculous. I had never worked. I didn't know how to handle money, as he put it. I was nineteen when I was married. My husband was ten years older, and he always made me feel like a child, so he didn't think I would last very long at the job, but he was wrong.

They started me as a clerk in this huge tool room. I had never handled a tool in my life outside of a hammer. Some man came in and asked for a bastard file. I said to him, "If you don't control your language, you won't get any service here." I went to my supervisor and said, "You'll have to cor-

rect this man. I won't tolerate that kind of language." He laughed and laughed and said, "Don't you know what a bastard file is? It's the name of a very coarse file." He went over and took one out and showed me.

* * *

The first year, I worked seven days a week. We didn't have any time off. They did allow us Christmas off, but Thanksgiving we had to work. That was a hard thing to do. The children didn't understand. My mother and father didn't understand, but I worked. I think that put a little iron in my spine too. I did something that was against my grain, but I did it and I'm glad. . . .

Because I was working late one night I had a chance to see President Roosevelt. They said he was coming on the swing shift, after four o'clock, so I waited to see him. They cleared out all the aisles of the main plant, and he went through in a big, open limousine. He smiled and he had his long cigarette holder, and he was very, very pleasant. "Hello there, how are you? Keep up the war effort. Oh, you women are doing a wonderful job." We were all thrilled to think the President could take time out of the war effort to visit us factory workers. It gave us a lift, and I think we worked harder.

Boeing was a real education for me. It taught me a different way of life. I had never been around uneducated people before, people that worked with their hands. I was prudish and had never been with people that used coarse language. Since I hadn't worked before, I didn't know there was such a thing as the typical male ego. My contact with my first supervisor was one of animosity, in which he stated, "The happiest duty of my life will be when I say goodbye to each of you women as I usher you out the front door." I didn't understand that kind of resentment, but it was prevalent throughout the plant. Many of the men felt that no woman could come in and run a lathe, but they did. I learned that just because you're a woman and have never worked is no reason you can't learn.

The job really broadened me. I had led a very sheltered life. I had had no contact with Negroes except as maids or gardeners. My mother was a

¹ Daughter of the American Revolution.

Virginian, and we were brought up to think that colored people were not of the same economic or social level. I learned differently at Boeing. I learned that because a girl is a Negro she's not necessarily a maid, and because a man is a Negro doesn't mean that all he can do is dig. In fact, I found that some of the black people I got to know there were very superior—and certainly equal to me—equal to anyone I ever knew.

Before I worked at Boeing I also had had no exposure to unions. After I was there for awhile, I joined the machinists union. We had a contract dispute, and we had a one-day walkout to show Boeing our strength. We went on this march through the financial district in downtown Seattle.

My mother happened to be down there seeing the president of the Seattle First National Bank at the time. Seeing this long stream of Boeing people, he interrupted her and said, "Mrs. Ely, they seem to be having a labor walkout. Let's go out and see what's going on." So my mother and a number of people from the bank walked outside to see what was happening. And we came down the middle of the street—I think there were probably five thousand of us. I saw my mother, I could recognize her—she was tall and stately—and I waved and said, "Hello, mother." That night when I got home, I thought she was never going to honor my name again. She said, "To think my daughter was marching in that labor demonstration. How could you do that to the family?" But I could see that it was a new, new world.

My mother warned me when I took the job that I would never be the same. She said, "You will never want to go back to being a housewife." At that time I didn't think it would change a thing. But she was right, it definitely did.

I had always been in a shell; I'd always been protected. But at Boeing I found a freedom and an independence that I had never known. After the war I could never go back to playing bridge again, being a club woman and listening to a lot of inanities when I knew there were things you could use your mind for. The war changed my life completely. I guess you could say, at thirty-one, I finally grew up.

* * *

Sybil Lewis, Riveter

When I first arrived in Los Angeles, I began to look for a job. I decided I didn't want to do maid work anymore, so I got a job as a waitress in a small black restaurant. I was making pretty good money, more than I had in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, but I didn't like the job that much; I didn't have the knack for getting good tips. Then I saw an ad in the newspaper offering to train women for defense work. I went to Lockheed Aircraft and applied. They said they'd call me, but I never got a response, so I went back and applied again. You had to be pretty persistent. Finally they accepted me. They gave me a short training program and taught me how to rivet. Then they put me to work in the plant riveting small airplane parts, mainly gasoline tanks.

The women worked in pairs. I was the riveter and this big, strong white girl from a cotton farm in Arkansas worked as the buckner. The riveter used a gun to shoot rivets through the metal and fasten it together. The buckner used a bucking bar on the other side of the metal to smooth out the rivets. Bucking was harder than shooting rivets; it required more muscle. Riveting required more skill.

I worked for a while as a riveter with this white girl when the boss came around one day and said, "We've decided to make some changes." At this point he assigned her to do the riveting and me to do the bucking. I wanted to know why. He said, "Well, we just interchange once in a while." But I was never given the riveting job back. This was the first encounter I had with segregation in California, and it didn't sit too well with me. It brought back some of my experiences in Sapulpa—you're a Negro, so you do the hard work. I wasn't failing as a riveter—in fact, the other girl learned to rivet from me—but I felt they gave me the job of buckner because I was black. . . .

~~The war years had a tremendous impact on women. I know for myself it was the first time I had a chance to get out of the kitchen and work in industry and make a few bucks. This was something I had never dreamed would happen. In Sapulpa all that women had to look forward to was~~

The War Between the Sexes

Wartime mobilization gave jobs to millions of women, and along with work came wages and relative freedom from old dependencies of family and domestic confinement. The dramatic social changes on the home front caused many Americans to fear that traditional gender relations were in disarray and must be restored. A San Francisco journalist, Willard Waller, argued that the returning soldiers' next war would be against the women who had taken their jobs and now wanted freedom and equality. Waller's article, excerpted below, expressed concerns common among many Americans that wartime changes at home were undermining the world they believed the war was being fought to save.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR, 1939-1945 199

Willard Waller

The Coming War on Women, 1945

When our soldiers get through fighting Germans and Japs, they will have to fight their own women. For the next war is the war of the sexes. Founded upon the oldest antagonism in the world, this ancient conflict sometimes smoulders but it never dies. It is not a savage war but a very important one, because our future depends upon its outcome.

During the war years, American women have forged steadily ahead in industry, politics and education, but the soldiers probably will put an end to all that when they return. Several soldiers, wounded on widely separated war fronts, recently spoke their opinions about women working after the war, in no uncertain terms. They, speaking for themselves, said women's place is in the home.

Tech. Sgt. John A. Price, who was wounded in the European theater, is married and has a little girl. "After the war," he says, "women will be needed in the home. They're needed to rear children to become good citizens. Our civilization needs homes, and the woman is the foundation of a good home."

Now convalescing . . . is Cpl. Fred Bienstock, who says: "I'm married. My wife's working now, but we want to start a family as soon as possible. You can't have a family when the wife is working. I want her to quit, and let me do the supporting. Anyway, there aren't going to be too many jobs and the men ought to get 'em. And something else: If a woman isn't married, she certainly isn't going to be unless she quits her job — or is willing to quit."

Wounded in the Middle East, Cpl. Otto Makovy declared, "I'm not married. But when I am, I'll insist on doing all the supporting and my wife's staying home. That's a woman's place. Another thing it seems to me that we won't have to worry so much about juvenile delinquency if there's somebody in the home looking after the kids. . . ."

Always the two halves of the human race have struggled for supremacy. Especially in the period following a major war are men and women at loggerheads. War brings a temporary revolution in the relations of the two sexes. One might say the women get out of hand. This happened in World War I, and, before that, in our Civil and Revolutionary Wars. But after this war the women will probably put up a stronger fight for supremacy because this war's changes have merely climaxed generations of feminist progress.

Three Phases

The battles in the coming war on women will be three: the battle for jobs, the battle of the birth rate, and the battle of personal ascendancy. But may God help the men, the women and the United States of America if the men lose. At least for the next generation, the patriarchal family must be restored and strengthened. Women must bear and rear children; husbands must support them.

First will come the battle of jobs. Because we must have jobs for returning veterans as well as for millions of displaced war workers, many millions of women are certain to be forced out of industry. We hear a lot of easy talk about 60,000,000 postwar jobs, but such a figure is more a possibility than a probability.

Willard Waller, "The Coming War on Women," *San Francisco Chronicle This Week Magazine*, February 18, 1945.